

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." — *Cooper.*

Vol. 13.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 9.

#### *Righteousness.*

The work of righteousness shall be peace,  
And the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance  
forever;  
And my people shall dwell in peaceful habitations,  
And in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places.

— *Isaiah.*

#### *Fortune.*

Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
Render an honest and a perfect man  
Commands all light, all influence, all fate,  
Nothing to him falls early or too late.  
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

— *Fletcher.*

#### *Defeat.*

But noble souls, through dust and heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat

The stronger.

— *Longfellow.*

#### *Character.*

"Now appears the true wisdom of a mind so tempered in the truth as not to be incapable of enduring other and different forms of thought. Here too shines the honor of that fidelity which takes responsibilities when they come, and is silent after they are discharged. But the greatness of worth, the grandeur of true honesty, the unconquerable force of modesty are now proved; and it is shown as clearly as it may be, that no agitations, or criminations, or combined forces of assault, whether here or elsewhere, can have power against a man who is armed before God in the spiritual integrity of his truth." — *Bushnell.*

#### *The Future.*

It is little indeed that each of us can accomplish within the narrow limits of our own little day. Small indeed is the contribution which the best of us can make to the advancement of the world in knowledge and goodness. But slight though it be, if the work we do is real and noble work, it is never lost; it is taken up into and becomes an integral moment of that immortal life to which all the good and great of the past, every wise thinker, every true and tender heart, every fair and saintly spirit, have contributed, and which, never hastening, never resting, onward though the ages is advancing to its consummation. — *Dr. Caird in Scott's Sermons.*

#### *Sympathy.*

He who lives pure in thought, free from malice, contented, leading a holy life, *feeling tenderly for all creatures*, speaking wisely and kindly, humbly and sincerely, has the Deity ever in his breast. The Eternal makes not his abode within the breast of that man who covets another's wealth, who *injures living creatures*, who is proud of his iniquity, whose mind is evil. — *Old Hindu.*

#### *Of Animals not Domestic.*

But perhaps the most satisfactory example that can be given of the progress of our cause, achieved mainly by the enforcement of the statute, will be found in the support of public opinion which is given to the magistrates who convict persons guilty of cruelty to ferocious animals kept in cages for exhibition. Recently tamers and keepers in menageries have been brought by the society to the bar of public justice for torturing bears, hyenas, and other animals, and have been condemned and punished. These persons no doubt, would have regarded domestic animals as worthy of good treatment, and as having rights, which they denied to ferocious quadrupeds under their charge. The magistrates have rightly endeavored to teach them that all animals placed in confinement by man, for his pleasure or profit, and deprived of their natural means of self-defense, and often of the instinct of self-preservation, must be classed among those creatures which the legislature has protected. So long as they are captives, and cannot escape from their captors; so long as they depend on man for their sustenance, their happiness, and their lives — so long it must be conceded, in common fairness, they have claims founded in justice on man's good treatment. Look, for instance, at the wonderful orang. So near to man, and yet so far off; so high in the animal kingdom, yet so repulsive to the creature whom he appears to burlesque. Would it be possible for ordinary persons to witness an act of brutality inflicted on gorillas, orangs, or chimpanzees, in menageries without protestation and indignation? The truth is, that all animals are nearer to man than they were fifty years ago: the chasm that separates them from the human species, and must ever separate them, has been bridged over by the doctrine of humanity. Formerly, when badgers were baited, and cocks and dogs were set to fight in pits, and bulls were tied to posts in order that dogs might fasten

on their noses, for the entertainment of persons in good society, of intellectual culture, and of Christian virtue, it was natural that practical jokes and cruel ill-treatment to ferocious and repulsive-looking animals should be tolerated, if not encouraged. It seemed to our forefathers that these creatures had been made for no better purpose than to become the victims of man's love of sport, even when confined in cages and unable to protect themselves against their oppressors. — *Animal World.*

#### *Scent of Dogs.*

Dogs not only smell odors in an occasional way, but they likewise seem to extract a recognizable odor from almost everything, as Professor Croom Robertson also suggests. Anacharsis knows me, when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume, and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me at once by some, to us, undiscoverable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble by scent amongst a thousand others. Even the very ground on which I have trodden retains for him some faint memento of my presence for hours afterward. The bloodhound can track a human scent a week old, which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharsis at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone, and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt; for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touched it. When we remember that a single grain of musk will scent hundreds of handkerchiefs so as to be recognizable even by our defective organs of smell, there is nothing extravagant in the idea that passing creatures may leave traces, discoverable by keener senses, on all the pebbles or straws which lie across the road. Thus the smells which make up half of the dog's picture of the universe are probably just as continuous and distinct as the sights which make up the whole picture in our own case, and which doubtless coalesce with the other half in the canine mind. — *Harper's Weekly.*

*A Talk about Horses.*

General Alfred Pleasonton, the famous cavalry leader of the Army of the Potomac, dropped into the handsome office of THE TIMES, yesterday, and without knowing how, we went from the discussion of Tanner, to the question of the endurance of horses. Probably no man in the country had a wider field for the study of the horse than General Pleasonton had during the war. I asked him about the comparative endurance of men and horses in the army. He said that infantrymen, if properly fed and clothed, would march farther in a week than cavalry, and that he believed that human endurance was greater than that of any animal, if such comparison may be made. Half the trouble with horses is that they are not properly cared for. They would often endure thrice as much if people knew how to handle them. If infantrymen are on the march a careful captain will see that the men, when halt is made, are allowed to rest. Their accoutrements are removed, and if possible they are urged to wash their feet in cold water. Coffee is made, and when they start off again they are new men. Horses, on the contrary, are generally made to stand with saddles and bridles on, and very frequently a heavy man on top. Of course there can be no comparison between a cavalryman and an infantryman. The former has much the harder life. He is scouting when the infantry is resting, and at night, when the march is over, the infantryman makes his coffee, broils his pork, eats heartily, spreads his blanket and in two minutes he is gathering flowers with his sweetheart in the meadows at home. The cavalryman, on the other hand, is in all probability gathering forage for his poor horse. He has to feed his nag as well as himself, and he has to take care of his equipments, and to bathe the poor beast's back, and rub down his tired legs—perhaps fix a bit, or sew a broken girth. But I did not start to write on this subject.

"But after all," continued General Pleasonton, thinking a moment, "horses are much like men. There are men who, without being cowards, have not the nerve to go into a battle. Everybody who has been in battle will tell you that. It is so with some horses. They haven't the nerve to go into a fight. I have seen horses that would go through anything to get away from a battle-field. They would commit suicide by jumping down a precipice, or before a locomotive. But to come back to the starting-point, a horse can stand a good deal of hard work and small forage if he is taken care of. Not half the people who have fortunes invested in horses know how to take care of them. They never stop to think what is the sensible thing to do. A horse is just like a man, or a watch. If you take care of him he will last you a long time. But you can spoil him very easily. Give the most valuable horse in the world to a fool who is incapable of loving him, and he will spoil him in a day."—*Philadelphia Times.*

*The Queer Fisherman.*

The otter is admirably adapted to its aquatic habits. Its body is long and flexible, with a long, tapering tail, which serves as a rudder in the performance of the evolutions of the animals under water. The limbs are short, but very muscular and powerful; and the feet, which consist of five toes each, are webbed, so as to serve as paddles or oars. The eyes are large, the ears short, and the lips are provided with strong whiskers. The covering consists of two kinds of fur—an under vest of close, short waterproof wool, and an outer vest of long, coarse, glossy hairs. Shy and reclusive, the otter is nocturnal in its habits, lurking by day in its burrow, which opens near the water's edge, concealed among the tangled herbage.

Voracious, active and bold, it is notorious for its devastations among the fish in our rivers and lakes, which are not protected from this foe, either by the element in which they live or by the rapidity of their motion in it. Like them, the otter is at home swimming at any depth with the utmost velocity.

Many cases are on record of the successful employment of tame otters for angling purposes. Bishop Heber relates that at Pondicherry, on the banks of the Matta Colly, he saw a row of nine or ten very large and beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings, to bamboo stakes. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water, others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill whistling noise, as if in play. The Bishop observes that most of the fishermen in the neighborhood kept one or more of these animals, who were of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, and sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth.

*Singing Fish.*

Some of the fish brought alongside were as beautiful as those celebrated in the Arabian tale, where "the fishermen, looking into the lake, saw in it fish of different colors, white, and red, and blue, and yellow;" indeed, they could not have been more beautiful than ours. In fact, all that are caught on coral reefs are remarkable for the great variety of their colors; but I must particularly describe one which bore the palm from all its splendid companions. It was about ten inches in length, and had for the basis of its colors an emerald green, with a head of a lighter shade of the same hue, which was banded longitudinally with stripes of rosy pink, and lines of the same beautiful tint were placed at intervals of an inch transversely across its whole body, the scales on which were very small.

The two pectoral fins were rosy pink in the centre, surrounded by a broad band of ultramarine. The short dorsal and ventral fins, which were continued to the tail, were of the same colors, the pink being inside. The tail was ultramarine outside, and the centre part of the fin of gamboge yellow: it had no anal fins. There was another extremely beautiful one of a pea-green color; it appeared to be of the same genus as the former.

In the Brunei river I have often heard the singing or humming fish, which stick to the bottom of the boats and produce a sound something like that of a jew's-harp struck slowly, though sometimes it increases in loudness so as to resemble the full sound and tones of an organ. My men have pointed me out a fish marked across the back with alternate stripes of red, black, and yellow, as the author of the music.—From "Life in the Forests of the Far East," p. 264.

*"The Beef Bonanza, or How to Get Rich on the Plains."*

BY GEN. JAMES S. BRIBBIN OF THE U. S. A.

This is a volume of 222 pages, published by Lippincott & Co., a copy of which has been sent to us by our friend E. Lee Brown, Esq., of Chicago.

The writer treats of "Cattle-growing at the West," with an interesting account of the plains known to the geographers of the last generation as the "Great American Desert." These plains contain 1,650,000 square miles, with over a billion of acres, "are the natural meat producing lands of the nation, and in a few years 30,000,000 of people will draw their beef from them."

Curious information is given of the "Cattle Kings" of the country, with their names and the number of their herds.

Several chapters are given to the "Sheep farming of the West": one chapter to "Horse raising": another to "Dairying": and another to "Stock-growing out West." The stock-growing chapter refers to Montana, and it is said that it has a larger number, and better quality of blooded horses and cattle than any other State or Territory in the North-West.

The writer believes that a great future is coming to all who intelligently go early into the business of cattle raising. He makes it certain that the cattle trade between the West and the East, great as some of us have considered it, is in its beginnings only. And if the European demand for American cattle shall grow as it has for the last three years, the "plains" are to be occupied in a few years by herds in such numbers as the world has never yet seen.

*"Our Dumb Animals" to Reformatory Institutions, Jails, Asylums, Etc.*

A friend inquires if we have a fund to meet the expense of sending our little paper free to such places? We have not. Several in this State are on our free list, and a number of friends in this and other States pay for copies to be sent outside of Massachusetts. Other friends send to Sunday schools in which they have an interest. Two persons in Boston pay for two hundred copies—one hundred each—which are sent to Sunday schools here, and from which we have heard excellent reports from time to time. Very much might be done in this direction had we money for the purpose, or if friends who are able would give it a thought.

*The Troubles of the Telegraph.*

The elephants of Sumatra, apparently believing telegraph wires to be a sort of snare, tear them down and hide them and the insulators in the cane-brakes. The monkeys use the knobs and wires as gymnasias and also carry off the insulators. The tigers, bears and buffaloes, which abound in that country, are dangerous neighbors for the men who watch and repair the lines. In Australia the aborigines cut the wires and manufacture them into ornaments.

*[For Our Dumb Animals.]**The Infant's Prayer.*

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

He paused beside his mother's chair,  
Then knelt to say his evening prayer:  
A prattling boy of childish grace,  
With soulful eyes and fair, sweet face.

"Dear Fader, please to make me good,  
An give me all de day some food;  
Forgive all naughty tings I've done,  
An make me kind to evvy one.

An make me very kind to all  
De animals, and inseec small;  
An to de little birds dat sing,  
An evvy oder livin ting;

An love me better evvy day,  
An bess me, too, an hear me pay;  
An pease, dear Fader, ven I die,  
To take me up into de sky."

His prayer was done: some words I caught,  
Which unto me a lesson taught.  
"I know God loves me evvy day,  
Because I ask him ven I pay;

An, mama, he will make me good,  
An bess me, too, and give me food."  
Oh, faith of childhood! rich and rare!  
This truth I've learnt from thy sweet prayer:

Except ye be as little children,  
Ye cannot enter into heaven;  
Except, like them, ye trust and love,  
Ye ne'er with them can reign above.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. 1880.

# Our Dumb Animals.

*Doings of Kindred Societies.*

NEWBURYPORT (MASS.) SOCIETY.

At the adjourned annual meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the following officers were elected:

*President* — David Wood.

*Vice-Presidents* — Edward S. Mosely, William Thurston, Charles R. Sargent, W. W. Goodwin, Miss Ann Tappan, Miss Agnes Aubin.

*Secretary* — Sam. E. Sargent.

*Treasurer* — Chas. J. Brockway.

*Directors* — John H. Balsh, Rev. S. J. Spalding, Mrs. C. H. Sargent.

From reports it is very evident that the society is performing its work in a very efficient manner. In the past year some ten cases have come before the officers, all of which have been rectified without resorting to the law. The knowledge that there are persons on the lookout for a case of this kind, prevents its commission, which is better than the prosecution of it. Much credit is due our city marshal, and his assistants (who are the society's agents) for the interest they have taken in the work. Some fifteen cases have come under their observation, only one of which needed prosecution, and that case was brought before the court, and the fine paid in one hour from the time of the abuse. Gentle remonstrance has been the first object of the society, and in this way they have accomplished great good and avoided prosecutions. The object of this society is: "Kindness to dumb brutes; they must and shall be protected." — *Newburyport Herald*.

ROCHESTER (N. Y.) HUMANE ASSOCIATION.

*The Work of the Year — Election of Officers.*

The Executive Committee presented a report in which the following review is given of the work of the year:

Your committee would say that they have kept an agent continually in the field, whose work, if it has resulted in fewer prosecutions than heretofore, is believed to have been more beneficent, and more in accordance with the name and object of our society, than the work of any previous year.

In previous years many arrests have been made of canal drivers, and there have been numerous convictions of most heartless cruelty. Sentence was imposed, taking sometimes the last dollar a man had, and here the matter ended. When inquiry was made of us what had been done for the poor animals, we could only answer that in all probability they went into the harness again as soon as out of the reach of our officer. In the past year the policy of our agent has been to induce the canal men to change the style of horse-collar at the first sign of chafing, and to take other precautions which he believes are sufficient to prevent the hideous results that have come to our notice. Thus he has sought to become the friendly adviser of the boatmen, clothed at the same time with a certain authority calculated to give some weight to his suggestions. A similar policy has been carried into every department of the work.

The two societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and for the prevention of cruelty to children, were at the beginning of the year merged, as far as practicable, under the name of "The Humane Society," with two departments, for the protection of animals and of children respectively, and with distinct treasuries, but officiated by the same persons. As the protector of animals, the society still solicits public favor in the shape of memberships, accepting of course other donations. As the protector of children it relies entirely on the generosity of good people whose sympathies are enlisted in the cause.

Ten meetings have been held during the past year. The great want of the society has been a manager with executive ability and time to give to the work. The project of offering prizes to the pupils in the public schools will probably be carried into effect during the coming year.

The paper of this society, "The Shield," was discontinued at the end of the year, after three years' publication.

The report of the Treasurer was read, showing the receipts to have been \$787.79, and the expenditures \$645.87, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$141.92.

The report of the agent, A. A. Francis, for the eleven months ending with December 31, 1880, was read, the summary being as follows: Complaints received, 80; complaints investigated, 80; cases prosecuted, 7; convictions 6; interferences, 800.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

*President* — Hon. George G. Clarkson.

*Vice-Presidents* — Mrs. J. L. Angle, Mrs. Jos. Curtis.

*Corresponding Secretary* — Miss E. P. Hall.

*Recording Secretary* — Mrs. J. W. Stebbins.

*Associate Recording Secretary* — Mrs. J. H. Kent.

*Treasurer* — Henry S. Hanford.

*Counsel* — J. W. Stebbins.

*Executive Committee* — Mrs. Isaac Hills, Mrs. G. P. Davis, Mrs. F. D. W. Clarke, Mrs. Charles Babcock, Mrs. Sidney Avery, Mrs. W. T. Mills, Mrs. I. M. Parker, Mrs. M. E. Streeter, Mrs. I. H. Howe, Mrs. A. S. Mann, Mrs. L. C. Smith, Miss J. Whitbeck, Rev. William D'Orville Doty, Rev. H. C. Riggs, Rev. N. M. Mann, Rev. J. H. Dennis, Dr. H. B. Sherman, William Mallock, Rev. Dr. Stratton, Robert Cartright.

[Translated for Our Dumb Animals.]

MADRID, SPAIN.

*To the President of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:*

DEAR SIR,—The Society of Madrid for the protection of animals and plants, having the idea of uniting more and more its friendship with its sister, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of Boston, has charged me with the honor of sending you a complete collection of all the publications that have been made to propagate the civilizing ideas for which we have an earnest regard.

At the same time I have the great satisfaction of letting you know the true triumph that this Society has had, having been reorganized only from 1878, and with a very small number of members. To-day it has more than 800 members, among which are found the most distinguished persons of this capital.

As testimony of the vitality of this Society, I mention to you that it has had the advantage of organizing with its own resources alone, two expositions of plants, flowers and birds, having had the last of these expositions the honor to be presided over by S M. the Queen. I ought to add that our Sovereign the Ministry of State the Provincial Representation, the Municipality of Madrid, and some other societies have presented prizes to the expositors, the same as has been done by us.

In the same garden in which the exposition has taken place, prominent persons have given lectures for the propagation and the defence of our ideas, and I can tell that the society of Madrid, for the protection of animals and plants has done much to gain the help of the public and authorities.

I put an end to the honorable mission that they have confided to me, begging you to send to our Society all the publications already made, and afterwards those that may be made by the Society over which you preside, as a testimony of the most intimate friendship between two societies united already by the same wishes.

I am, very respectfully,

MARQUIS DE SAN CARLOS.

In accordance with the above request, copies of all our publications have been sent, with much pleasure, to Marquis de San Carlos.—ED. O. D. A.

LOUISE KING ASSOCIATION.

The Louise King Association for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose good work has met the approval of not only this community, but the State, has given another evidence of its enterprise by having a connection made with the General Telephone Exchange, and the office of the Secretary, Mr. Nathan K. Platshek. The increasing demand for the assistance of this association in various sections of this State has somewhat curtailed its usefulness in this city for the past three months, but with this extra facility of a telephone connection, whereby easy communication can be had with every member of its Executive Committee, its Attorney and Special Agent, the great benefit to be derived by this community will be readily appreciated.

Since the organization of this association, the great improvement in the appearance and care of the dumb brute has been already seen, and it is now the purpose of the association to give attention to every case coming to their notice, or reported to them. One noticeable feature about the course they have pursued, is its efforts to suppress cruelty to animals by kindly advice and timely warning to all, instead of prompt legal prosecutions, as carried out by a great many similar societies. This alone should merit for it the great assistance it deserves. Certainly, like all things, it has its friends and enemies, but its enemies can in no way affect its workings; therefore the association continues to prosper. We highly commend the course this association has just taken, and bespeak for it the hearty and continued support of the better class of our citizens. In our special notice column appears a notice from the Secretary.—*Savannah News*.

ENGLAND has a child's society for the protection of birds, and nearly 23,000 names are already enrolled. The pledge is as follows: "I promise to be kind to all birds as far as I can; to feed birds in winter with spare crumbs instead of wasting them; not to molest or disturb birds during their building season; not to rob the nests of their eggs or tear out the nests; not to kill the young ones or otherwise injure them; to try and induce others to take an interest in these beautiful creatures, and promote the objects of the society." This plan fosters the better qualities of human nature, and at the same time serves a most useful agricultural purpose.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

Horse Cribbing.

MR. EDITOR:—It frequently happens that a person has a very good horse otherways than his very pernicious habit of cribbing—or crib biting—the cause of which is not very definitely settled by the books, as the veterinary practitioners, like all other doctors, disagree.

Cribbing is said to be infectious, and a young horse, standing in the next stall to an old cribber, will be very likely to take on his propensity. This propensity, or habit, is very hard to cure. It may be avoided or palliated in some measure in several ways. The best way that I know of, for the stable—having tried it myself—is to construct the stall in the following manner:—Make the crib, or manger, on the floor instead of three feet higher up, with a plank front about fifteen inches high, and for the bottom fit in a nice piece of hard-wood board, or plank. Have no bar or cross-piece at the bottom of the hay-rack, but, instead, flare off the ends of the slats and screw them on strong to the boarding in the front part of the stall. In this way the droppings will fall into the manger and not be trodden under foot, and the horse will have nothing to bear his fore-teeth upon to suck wind into, or expel it from his stomach, both theories being advocated, and both may be true. The oats can be fed out just as well as though the manger was higher up, and it is thought by many that this is the best and most natural way for a horse to feed. The horse should be hitched in front, over the manger, so that he can reach the food in all parts thereof, and that will give him scope enough to lie down comfortably.—*N. D. C. in Lynn Transcript*.

## Our Dumb Animals.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1881.

## Our February Paper.

The reports of office and city agents of the Society on the last page of our paper are always of interest, not only as showing the Society's work in the courts, but also the sorts of cruelty which for the time are receiving most attention.

Landsseer's picture, "Laying down the Law," and Music for our young readers, are the special attractions this month.

We are indebted for the music to "Songs for Sabbath Schools," by Rev. J. V. Blake. Mr. Closson, of Boston, was the engraver of the picture.

The reports from other societies; recent account of the Home for Lost Dogs in London; a "Talk about Horses"; with the usual variety of communications and selections easily fill our little space.

## The Cattle-car Prize.

The number of models and plans at Chicago exceeds six hundred. The work of arranging, describing and classifying, preparatory for the examination of them by the judges, will take several weeks. How much thought on the subject on the part of inventors is shown by the above fact, and what patient labor is before the judges. But the end in view is worth it all.

## The Directors' Meeting of the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,

For January, was held on Wednesday, Jan. 19, 1881, at 11 A. M., at 96 Tremont Street.

Present: Mrs. Appleton, Mrs. Iasigi, Mrs. Lowell, and Miss M. P. Russell. Also, Messrs J. Murray Forbes, Geo. Noyes, S. E. Sawyer, Nathan Appleton and A. Firth. S. E. Sawyer, Esq., was elected Chairman.

The Secretary read the record of the last meeting, and the cash account for December. The first was approved, and the second referred to the Finance Committee.

Messrs. S. E. Sawyer and A. Firth, Trustees, were authorized to sign a necessary bond to the Executor of the estate of the late Frederick May.

Reports were presented from several committees: one on legislation, and one on a Dog's Home; and both were accepted. Mr. Forbes reported from the Committee on the subject of a Counsel, that William Minot, Jr., Esq., of this city, can be had to serve the Society in that capacity. This report was also accepted, with thanks to Mr. Minot.

The printing of slips for distribution on clipping horses was considered; but as differences of opinion on the subject existed, no action was taken.

Cases of cruelty at the Abattoir were reported, and it was voted that early action be taken by our agents to suppress the same.

Authority, by votes, was given to renew the bonds to the Treasurer of the city in behalf of our agents as policemen, and also to make an addition to the Permanent Fund. A committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Geo. Noyes, Mrs. Appleton and A. Firth, were appointed to consider the question of a public annual meeting of the Society, and also what action they will advise on the subject of prizes. On motion of Mr.

Appleton it was voted that a permanent committee of three be appointed on transportation of animals by land and sea, to report whenever they shall think necessary. Messrs. Appleton, Heywood and Hill, were made said committee.

Capt. Currier gave an interesting report of the cases of the last month which our agents had had before them, when, at 12.45, it was voted to adjourn.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE  
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS,  
HEADQUARTERS, FOURTH AVENUE, COR. 22D STREET,  
NEW YORK, JAN. 17, 1881.

DEAR SIR:—In your January number of "Our Dumb Animals" you strongly object to the opinions of the undersigned, concerning whipping of criminals; and you ask me numerous questions.

You observe: "It is hard to believe that any human being, whose heart had been touched by the sufferings of animals, could have uttered such words."

Now, I cannot for the life of me see what beating and starving unoffending dumb animals has to do with punishing intelligent ruffians, who pass their lives in doing all the harm they can in every form.

You ask: "Are not criminals men?" In the sense that they are not dumb beasts, yes; and for that very reason they should be made to feel in the only way their obtuse moral understandings are capable of, to wit, through their physical sufferings, that they cannot commit crime with impunity.

Penitentiaries are merely promoters of the very disorders which they pretend to correct; and it is a notorious fact that the idle, lazy ruffians who infest society, particularly in large cities, perpetrate crime for the avowed purpose of getting into them, where they are far better housed, fed and cared for than when free.

Abolish those penal hotels, and substitute faithfully administered flogging, and you would soon find those classes striving to get a living in some honest way.

As for the theory of some milk and water philanthropists, that to whip a rascal lower him in his own estimation, is simply absurd.

The fellow who dogs your footsteps by day and night for the purpose of robbing you of your watch and pocket-book, is already as low in his own estimation as he is in other people's, and the only way to elevate him is to whip the propensity out of him, when he immediately begins to build up a new character.

Sweetmeats, roast turkey, flowers and comfortable inns, will not do it.

The purpose of punishment is to prevent crime, and nine-tenths of the criminals cannot understand any argument that is not addressed to their physical sensibilities.

The meanest understanding is capable of comprehending the language of the whip. Kindness to dumb animals is undoubtedly best, because they do not possess the power of reasoning about their errors; they feel the pain of the blow, but cannot reconcile the one to the other.

I think the most of the outlawry which we behold is owing to unwise legislation, and the prevalence of a sickly sentimentality, which certain men and women are striving to promulgate in favor of malefactors; nor do I believe, as you seem to fear, that our cause is injured in the least by the utterance of common-sense upon any public question by the advocates of humanity to the inferior animals.

On the contrary, if there be anything that the public are surfeited with, it is the silly vaporings of so-called benefactors of the human race, who while they seek for their own personal interests or notoriety, inflict incalculable injury upon honest, order-loving people.

The press and public of this State are beginning to turn their attention to wife-beaters and other ruffians, warmed into existence by the sympathizing folly of idle, crack-brained humanitarians.

I forward the "Express," and "Mail," of this city, to show you that the undersigned does not "stand alone" on this platform, as you appear to think.

With great respect,

HENRY BERGH.

If any doubt has existed as to the correctness of the report of Mr. Bergh's speech in New York, from which we quoted in our last paper, it must now disappear. A few brief comments are all that seem necessary.

Mr. Bergh sees no connection between the sympathy that would protect animals from abuse and wicked men from outrage; but others will.

Of course there are "intelligent" ruffians; but the reports of prisons show that as a class these men are not intelligent.

The sweeping statements on the management and results of prisons—called by Mr. B. "penal hotels!"—are, obviously, too indiscriminate; but if true to the letter, prisoners should not be made the scapegoats, as they neither built nor manage them.

Mr. Bergh seems to have the theory that there are but two classes interested in the proper treatment of criminals: "milk and water philanthropists," and the advocates of the lash; while, as we believe, a vast majority of the Christian and thinking men and women of the country belong to neither. They view both as extremists, and will look to neither for guidance.

There is a touch of comedy, however, let us say in passing, in seeing Mr. B. use the phrase "milk and water philanthropists," when we remember how often it has been applied to him, and to all who, like him, seek the protection of animals!

The papers sent us by Mr. Bergh have an account of a New Jersey grand jury recommending the whipping-post for wife-beaters. We never doubted the existence of people enough who are on Mr. Bergh's side in this; but what we at present doubt is whether there are many who, like him, have done service in any humane cause—grand service in his individual case—who will be found enlisted in a crusade in behalf of the lash and the whipping-post for any living creature. Had the grand jury never heard of the treadmill for such offenders?

## Sir James Outram.

From the recently published life of this brave and high-minded man—"the Bayard of the East" as he was called in his life, and as he is characterized on his monument—we copy two characteristic incidents.

"A mutiny broke out among the rowers of the boat on the Nile, and the men were taken before a Turkish governor, who politely offered to have them bastinadoed all round. Outram, of course, could not consent."

"One day when we had no meat for dinner I shot a pigeon. Outram, ardent sportsman as he was, said to me sadly, 'I have made a vow never to shoot a bird.' He would not eat the bird, which was given to an old peasant woman, and we dined as we could." — *Life of Outram*, Vol. 2, p. 39.

## Brake-rods on Street Cars.

As one of our Directors was passing up State Street a few days ago, he saw a horse fall in a street car and there receive a bad wound from the end of the brake-rod cutting into the flesh. Observation since has shown that there is no uniformity in brake-rods on the several lines of cars, or

of routes on the same lines. Cars on some routes have rubber, others iron balls on the end of the rods, and others are unprotected. Some officers of roads claim that the bruising from balls is quite as bad as cuts from the unprotected rod. A few cars have an iron sheet, or band, in front, reaching down low enough to prevent animal or man from going under the wheels. Why not so protect all? Is the expense to be thought of where the omission may bring mutilation or death to any innocent living creature? The most careful drivers cannot prevent this class of accidents at all times.

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*Instructive Religious Services.*

At the Universalist Church in South Boston, the Rev. J. J. Lewis gave a series of Sunday evening addresses in January, on the "condition and endowments of the lower orders of creation." We had the pleasure of hearing one of them, on the evening of January 16, on the "Birds." For his texts he took the words of Jesus relating to the fall of the sparrow and the wish of the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like the dove." The sermon gave ample proof of wide and loving observation, as well as wide knowledge of the literature of the subject. The preacher plead for the lives of the birds as against the gun of the sportsman who killed from no necessity, and the gun of the boy who shot for the "fun" it gave him. He called it murder in both cases.

The preacher instanced the crow among many proofs of the intelligence, which in man we call reason. "When I was a boy in the country," he said, "the only guns in use were known as shot-guns, and poor at that. The crow would disregard the approach of man, pulling busily at the corn until his visitor was within a few rods; but now, in the same region, he keeps beyond the range of the rifle. He knows the effect of man's inventions upon his safety, and he continues to keep outside of the line of danger; and he knows the longer distance this requires to-day just as well as he knew formerly the shorter." Then, too, the crow knew when Sunday came, and had his feast in the cornfields; but since the disregard of the Sunday law by men with guns, he has come to understand the difference to him, and he no longer appears on that day as he once did! The references in the Bible to the bird were brought freshly and strikingly to the minds of the listeners. Such presentations of the intelligence and claims of the wonderful bird life are well fitted to awaken merciful thoughts towards them and devout thankfulness to the Maker of us all.

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*Words of Cheer.*

One of the venerable members of our Society in a neighboring city sent the Society a New Year's gift of fifty dollars. He asks the price of old numbers of "Our Dumb Animals," to distribute among children of the Sabbath school, showing his wise practical interest in the circulation of our paper. He ended his note with these words:

"I am over eighty years of age, and am lame, or I should have come in to see you as formerly. I congratulate you upon the success of our cause. It is gaining upon the old adversary, cruelty, every year."

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*A Good Rule.*

The Church of the Disciples of this city, of which the Rev. James Freeman Clarke is minister, has its Sunday school lessons arranged and printed at the beginning of each school year. In this it is not peculiar; but, as far as we know, it is peculiar in this: that one Sunday is set apart to consider the subjects of "Kindness and Cruelty to Animals." This year it occurred Sunday, January 16, and the Secretary of our Society was invited to be present. He found it a busy, wide-awake gathering of from four to five hundred children, and a more attentive audience no speaker could desire. Our "Service of Mercy" was used, its responses were full and hearty, and its songs and hymns were given with a will. Mr. W. H. Baldwin, its Superintendent, gave personal reminiscences of what he had seen and heard of the intelligence of animals, and his views of their sacred claims upon old and young for protection against all cruelty. We commend the rule of this church, to which we have referred, for adoption elsewhere. Considering the emphatic recognition of the claims of animals in Commandments, Laws, Psalms, and Gospels, it is singular that our Christian churches have and do so generally ignore the subject in their teachings.

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*A Blacksmith's Story.*

A subscriber, who is a blacksmith, says that he sees a great improvement in the temper of the horses he shoes now as compared with the horses he shod a few years ago, because, as he said, owners are setting the horses better examples. The old maxim, "like master like man," in its spirit, extends with even greater force to the animal creation than to man. "Lately," he said, "a horse came to my shop that was difficult of approach." "What have you done to this horse?" I asked of the owner. "I have been mad with him; I lost my temper pretty often; and of course, he does not know what to expect from you, or anybody. The horse is not to blame; the fault is mine." This man was of the sort known as fractious, and wholly unfit to control others, whether man or beast; but he had the wit to see and the justice to acknowledge the truth. Of the civilizing influence of gentle manners, there is no evidence so decisive as that furnished by the lower creatures.

Happy, indeed, are they, when owned by masters and mistresses whose "blood and judgment are so well commingled" that their rule is one of uniform justice, tempered with mercy.

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*The High Watering-Basin for Horses, with Provision for Man and the Smaller Animals.*

A correspondent asks us who was its inventor? We do not know. Can any reader tell us? The man deserves grateful remembrance, and we shall be glad to publish any facts about him.

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*Human Education.*

A member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has sent copies of our little paper, from time to time, to a family in one of the poorest and most crowded neighborhoods in this city. Happening to be at this family's home, one evening lately, he found a considerable number of men, with several boys, gathered together in a sociable way. One boy,

after awhile, read incidents from the paper, which led to talks, followed by universal approval of the humane sentiments advocated. The men were fishermen, and one of the extracts related to the duty of killing fish as soon as caught. These men declared they had never thought of that; but it must be right, and each said that in his boat this should be done thereafter.

Before separating, a boy who had taken no part, but who had seen in one of the papers a pledge not to be cruel, proposed that all present should have their names put to such a pledge. To this all agreed, and it was done.

Our friend thought, as we do, that this was a very successful meeting in behalf of humane ideas. We hope it may prove a fruitful hint to others to improve their opportunities with papers and books and personal intercourse.

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*A Humane Invention.*

All persons familiar with the transportation of live stock from this country to England by steamers, and especially in the winter season, know of the terrible suffering of the animals and the great mortality that results. How to remedy it has been the unanswered question up to this time; but Mr. John H. Laskey of this city has invented a "patent cattle crib" as a remedy, which was recently tested on the steamship "Gloucester" from New York to Liverpool. The crib was 22 X 8 feet, and carried sixty-four hogs. Not one died on the voyage, and the gain in weight of each showed how completely the animals had been freed from the sickness and discomforts of the voyage. On the same ship were other hogs, with the ordinary accommodations; and ten per cent. of these died on the way.

The invention can be applied to all animals. The cribs are suspended in such a way as to avoid the effect of the motions of the ship. A company has been formed under the name of the "Laskey Manufacturing Company," and is ready to fit up ships with the cribs as rapidly as possible. The officers of the "Gloucester" severally bear witness to the success of the experiment upon that ship.

We have referred to the sufferings which this invention must prevent; but the large gains it will save to shippers and insurers of cattle make the invention one of high commercial importance.

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*Death of Dr. Lander Lindsey, the author of "Mind in the Lower Animals."*

A friend in Glasgow writes us that Dr. Lindsey was a good, true, and gentlemanly man. He was an authority in science, and had been a great traveller. He was a native of Edinburgh. For twenty-five years he was consulting physician in the Murray Institution for the insane, at Perth. "He resigned a year ago, in bad health, and he now rests from his labors, regretted by a numerous circle of warmly attached friends." This announcement will give pain to many on this side of the sea who had come to know the spirit he was of by his important work above named. He labored diligently and well to awaken a humane and rational interest in the study of the animal creation, in sickness and health. Honor to his memory!

## The eyes of all wait upon Thee.

MODERATO.

DANISH.

1. Who taught the bu - sy bee to fly  
And lay his feast of hon - ey by  
  
To the sweet-est flowers, }  
For the win - ter hours? }  
  
2. The spar - row builds her clev - er nest  
Of God who shows them all the way, And  
  
soft - est hay and moss:  
gives their lit - tle skill,  
  
Who told her how to weave it best,  
And teach - es child - ren, if they pray,  
  
Lay - ing twigs a - cross?  
How to do his will.

## Children's Department.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]  
Clever Peewee.

## A TRUE STORY OF A CANARY BIRD.

Peewee was a canary bird of the loveliest browns and yellows, and he belonged to a dear little girl who had no brother or sister. Her mamma got this little bird to be a playfellow for the lonely little girl.

Peewee soon got to love his little mistress very much, and was never so happy as when she would play with him. If she was in the room he would never let her alone, but fly around her head, lighting every now and then, pulling at the golden threads of hair. He would make her play with him. Peewee was never in his cage except when he wanted his meals, and when he went to sleep at night.

He had always had the freedom of the playroom where his cage was hung.

On the table in this playroom was a little Japanese cabinet of drawers, with two little doors which shut over the drawers, and could be locked with a tiny key. Elsie used the little cabinet as a bureau for her dolls' clothes, and of course she had to lock and unlock it many times in the day. Peewee, who was always watching his little mistress, thought it a very pretty trick, and he concluded that some time he would try to do it. It was very fortunate for little Peewee that the clever Chinese who made the little silver lock knew enough to make the key turn very easily, or I fear Peewee would have had to give it up.

One day when Elsie came in from her walk she found Peewee perched on the top of the cabinet, twittering wildly and bobbing his head from side to side like a crazy bird. On the floor was the tiny key which Elsie had left in the lock when she went out. Then she knew why Peewee felt so proud. He had turned the key and got it out with his claws and bill. Don't you think he was a bright little bird?

Now, once he had learned this clever trick, he never forgot it, and would unlock the cabinet as fast as any one would lock it. Another trick he was very fond of doing was to get on the pin-cushion, and pull the pins out, and drop them on the floor. If pins would grow like seeds, Elsie would have had a good crop of them on the playroom floor, for Peewee sowed them very generously.

At last there came a sad day for poor Peewee. The daisies and buttercups had come, and Elsie was to go to the country for three months. Mamma had said she would not take Peewee, because he would be very unhappy if he were kept shut up in his cage, and it would not do to let him

out all day in a strange house, for there might be prowling cats about ready to grab such a tender morsel as Peewee. Elsie was sad, too; but the cook had promised to take the best of care of him for Elsie's sake, so Elsie wiped away her tears, and bade him good-bye.

From that day Peewee would not take his food nor sing, but would only flutter about and make a sad little piping. One day, when Elsie had been gone about two weeks, the cook went into the playroom to give Peewee some fresh water, and she could not find him. There was his cage with the door open; but when she came up to it there was poor little Peewee lying on the floor of the cage, quite dead.

He loved the little girl so much that he could not live without her. Elsie has another canary bird now, but I don't believe he ever will be so clever or so affectionate as Peewee.

BOSTON.

H. J. CUSHING.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]  
Chick-a-dee-dee.

The snowflakes are drifting round windows and door;  
The chilly winds whistle "Remember the poor;"  
Remember the birds, too, out on yonder tree;  
I hear one just singing a Chick-a-dee-dee.

Throw out a few cramps! you're enough and to spare;  
They need thro' the winter your kindness and care;  
And they will repay you with heartiest glee,  
By constantly singing a Chick-a-dee-dee.

Each morning you'll see them go hopping around,  
Tho' little they find on the cold frozen ground;  
Yet never disheartened! on each bush and tree,  
They merrily carol a Chick-a-dee-dee.

Oh! sweet little songster; so fearless and bold!  
Your little pink feet — do they never feel cold,  
Have you a warm shelter at night for your bed,  
Where under your wing you can tuck your brown head.

Tho' cold grows the season you seem not to care,  
But cheerily warble tho' frosty the air;  
Though short are the days, and the nights are so long,  
And most of your playmates are scattered and gone.

The snowflakes are drifting round window and door,  
And chilly winds whistle behind and before,  
Yet never discouraged, on each bush and tree,  
You'll hear the sweet carol of Chick-a-dee-dee.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER MASS.  
WHAT single bird's name will at once designate  
fish and poultry? — Solan goose (sole and goose).A HORSE is a curious feeder; he eats best when  
he has not a bit in his mouth.

## The Scarecrow.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

The farmer looked at his cherry-tree  
With thick buds clustered on every bough;  
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he,  
"If somebody only would show me how!"

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,  
With threatening arms and with bristling head;  
And up in the tree I'll fasten him  
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow, tattered and torn,  
O 'twas a horrible thing to see!  
And very early one summer morn  
He set it up in his cherry-tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,  
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,  
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home  
That the birds flew screaming away in fright.

But the robins watching him day after day,  
With heads on one side and eyes so bright,  
Surveying the monster, began to say:  
"Why should this fellow our prospects blight?"

"He never moves round for the roughest weather!  
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;  
Let's all go in to the tree together  
For we won't budge 'till the fruit is mellow."

So up they flew; and the sauciest pair  
Mid the shady branches peered and perked,  
Selected a spot with the utmost care,  
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?  
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please!  
That, half concealed on his ragged breast,  
Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby red,  
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,  
The whole day long on the ripe fruit fed—  
'Twas so convenient. They saw no risk

Until the children were ready to fly,  
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;  
For nobody thought to look at the Guy  
For a robin's flourishing family!

— Wide Awake.

## The Lady's Dream.

The wounds I might have heal'd,  
The human sorrow and smart!  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part;  
But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart.

— Hood.

*"Laying Down the Law."*

We have another picture this month from Edwin Landseer. This was painted in 1840, and is owned by the Duke of Devonshire. It is among the most widely-known and most characteristic of this painter's works. Only a lover of dogs could have given such a varied and human expression to the several members of the Court, and only Landseer could have made each solemn and solid enough for such an occasion!

The story is told of Rev. Sydney Smith, that he was once invited to sit to Landseer for his own portrait, and his answer was: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Certainly, if any painter ever deserved to be known as the friend of the dog, it was Edwin Landseer; and although he often used the dog to represent types of unamiable men, only kindly feelings to the dog are ever awakened.

[Communicated to Our Dumb Animals.]

HOME FOR LOST AND STARVING DOGS,  
BATTERSEA PARK ROAD, SOUTH LAMBETH, S. W.,  
14th December, 1880.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your application for particulars concerning this Institution, and it affords me great pleasure to send you a short account of its working, etc.

It is now twenty years since the idea of establishing a refuge of the kind originated with a few kind-hearted persons (principally ladies) who soon found several energetic sympathizers who were prepared to assist both in purse and person in the promotion of the object.

For many years the dogs brought into the Home were such only as kind-hearted persons, knowing that such a refuge was provided, sent and conveyed thither at their own expense. This went on for several years, and at length a proposal came from the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police to make use of the Home as a general depot for the consignment of dogs taken in the streets, under the Act of Parliament. In consequence of the increased number of dogs thus brought to the Home, it was found necessary to provide increased accommodation, and the committee made an appeal to the public by advertisement which had the effect of eliciting contributions, "thereby enabling them to purchase a piece of ground, and to build a large range of kennels thereon."

During the twenty years that the Home has been in existence, over three hundred thousand dogs have passed through it, large numbers of which have been claimed or sold, and the worthless and diseased have been destroyed.

By an agreement with the Commissioner of Police, all the dogs brought to the Home are detained for a space of three clear days "according to the Act of Parliament," and if not claimed within the time specified they become the property of the association, and all moneys derived from the sale of such dogs (as are not claimed) belong to the Home.

The dogs when brought in are placed (according to their sexes) in compartments provided for each day, and we have accommodations for six hundred dogs, and have seldom less than that number, the cost of maintenance and attendants of which amounts to from £25 to £30 per week; the food given them being Spratt's dog biscuits and tripe to the large dogs, the smaller ones



LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

E. LANDSEER.

being fed upon the trimmings of bullocks' heads boiled with rice and mixed with soaked biscuits.

The amount received for dogs claimed and sold does not cover the expenditure; but through the kind assistance of subscribers and donors we are enabled to carry on the work.

I am, dear sir, yours very truly,  
THOS. SCOBORIO, *Secretary,*  
N. APPLETON, Esq.

*A Faithful Dog.*

Every one will remember the Mill River horror of a few years ago, which brought desolation and death to so many homes, and laid waste entire villages.

Riding about four miles below Williamsburg a short time ago, when a fellow passenger remarked, pointing to a clump of trees by the river side:

"I shall never forget a scene I witnessed there during the search for bodies after the Mill River disaster some years ago. The driftwood and débris had made a deposit beside that tree nearly twenty feet in depth, and there I saw a large dog crying pitifully. As we drew near we found that the dog was fastened down by a stick of timber, and unable to move. His eyes were like balls of fire, and he was fearfully emaciated. At first we feared to go near him, but finally released him, and gave him some food. He dropped the food, looking down and whimpering.

"Some one is here," one of our company said, and we commenced digging, and while doing so the dog lay very quiet; but the moment we ceased he seemed to grow almost frantic. When we commenced digging he laid down again, but no effort would induce him to taste the food before him. At last, after hours of labor, we found the body of an old man, and a little later a little boy, over which the faithful dog had been keeping watch. The joy of the poor brute was great, but the food which he had so generously refused, would never be eaten by his young master.

This story interested me greatly, said my friend, for I knew the dear little boy who went out with his faithful dog to the meadows that dreadful morning, and the kind old man, his grandfather, who, hearing that the terrible flood was coming, went out to seek him. They were all swept away; but the marvel was how they kept together during that fearful four miles, and how the poor dog should know they were buried deep below him.  
—Mrs. E. J. R., in *Hampshire Gazette*.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

SUNDAY EVENING, Nov. 14.

DEAR EDITOR:—I conclude from what I see in your paper that dog stories are welcome. I have one that will bear repeating, as it is not only founded on fact, like some of yours, but is fact from head to tail. I was once out with my gun in New Hampshire, without any dog. I fell in with a man whose name was Smith. The only thing rare and wonderful about that was that my wife's name was Smith; and her "given" name is Rose, and Smith had a beautiful spaniel with him, also named Rose. She hunted remarkably well, and I was so much pleased with her that I asked Mr. Smith if he would part with her. He at first positively refused, but finally he said that although his wife and children "sot a great deal by her, he would sell if any one would be fool enough to pay his price." I thought he would require \$50 or \$100, but he named \$10, and said that if I took her I must also take her pups, still unweaned. My conscience pricked me somewhat, but I closed the bargain. I requested him to have her in a basket at the stage house in the morning, when my wife and I were to leave for Boston. The time came; I had informed my wife that I had bought a very nice dog named "Flora,"

This was a fib; but as I did not wish to have two Roses in the family, I gave her the new name. The dog was well known in the village, and while we were waiting at the stage house some boys came and looked in, and seeing the dog, but apparently looking at my wife, one of them said, "Ah, Rosy where are you going?" My wife bristled up and wanted to know why that impudent boy had spoken so. I put her off, and soon after the burly driver looked in to see that all was right for a start, and exclaimed, "Why Rose, you little slut, what are you doing there?" This was a little too much for my wife, and she demanded to be informed as to the cause of such conduct. I was convulsed with laughter, and this caused her to become quite angry. At last I explained about the dog. She (I mean the dog) proved of great value, and went to China with me in 1838; on my return in 1840 she accompanied me, and we had a celebrated physician on board as passenger, who had the whole care of myself and others who were ill. One day on the passage Flora showed symptoms of being very ill; she coughed and squirmed about in an unusual manner, and finally went to Dr. T——, put up her paw, and seemed very anxious to attract his attention. He opened her mouth, thinking she had simply sore throat (diphtheria had not then become known generally). He found that a sharp bone had become transfix, athwart ships, as a sailor would say, in her throat or mouth, which was readily removed, when Flora showed the most extravagant gratitude by barking and jumping on the good Doctor. He still lives to confirm dogmatically my story.

VERITAS

*Wonderful Sagacity of a Dog at Chicago.*

A story comes from Chicago to the effect that at 4 o'clock A. M., on the morning of Jan. 5th, a fire broke out in St. Mary's Block, on Madison St., the only occupants of which were a boot manufacturer named Lincoln, his wife, and their dog Jack. The dog first discovered the fire and broke his chain; he then ran to the door of his master's sleeping apartment, howled furiously, and finally burst open the door, afterwards awakening his master by licking his hand. The room was at this time full of smoke and escape by the stairway cut off; all were rescued from a window by the firemen. Mr. Lincoln and wife were burned somewhat while clinging to the window-frame; the faithful dog was quite severely, though not fatally burned

*Popular Sayings about Dogs.*

An Englishman says, "If you cannot bite, never show your teeth," or "Don't bark if you can't bite," while the Scotch say, "Great barkers are nae biters." We also say, "What, keep a dog and bark myself?" These need no explanation, and the same is true of others, such as "Any stick will do to beat a dog;" "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him;" "It is easy to find a stick, to beat a dog;" and "When a dog is drowning every one offers him drink." On the same principle of giving to those who do not want, we are told that every one bastes the fat dog, while the lean one burns. Of course, a hungry dog will eat dirty pudding. It is a bad dog that deserves no crust, and, "It is useless to tie up a dog with a chitterling."

The French language is singularly prolific in sayings about dogs. A good dog never barks amiss, but not every dog bites that barks. The best of friends must part, as Dagobert said to his dogs. This is well known, and so is this: He is like the dog of Jean de Nivelle, which runs away when it is called. A dog may look at a bishop, is like our own, "A cat may look at a king." To beat the dog when the lion is present may be safe, but is rather cowardly. Two dogs to one bone are bad. He who would drown his dog calls it mad. You must throw stones at the dog which bites; but flatter the dog till you get to the stone heap, and do not make fun of the dog, till you are out of the village, because a dog and a cock are always brave on their own dunghill. If he who takes a dog by the ears is bitten, it is no wonder.

Love me, love my dog, is advice recognized in different countries; but it is French to call the chief man, a dog with a grand collar. More curious is between dog and wolf, to denote a dim dawn in which objects can scarcely be distinguished. We could add several others from French sources; but we wish to give a few examples from elsewhere, and more particularly from the German.

A German, like many more, may be as hungry or as weary as a dog; and when he labors under a delusion, sees a blue dog. That the dogs bite the hindmost, is as true as a stronger utterance known among ourselves. He is in a destitute condition who has not a dog to draw out of the oven. Do not blame the innocent. It rests not with the dogs, how many horses shall die in the year. The hare may run the fastest, but many dogs are the death of the hare. Nobody cares to own a dog, which is everybody's companion.

The Turks have a few good sayings, one of which is, "The dog barks and the caravan goes by; mere noise is nothing." Another is, that "The dog which is led out to hunt against his will takes no game." The Arabs have observed that every dog barks at his own gate, and that a dog which runs is better than a lion which lies down. They think it a foolish thing to draw the dog's teeth and bark yourself; but having no great confidence in the animal, they say, "Pat a dog on the jaws till you can muzzle it." From the Chinese we learn that a dog which raises its tail, despises its foe; also, that he who beats a dog, should think of its master. Other rough-and-ready sayings of theirs are, that "The dog in its kennel howls at the fleas, but the dog which is hunting does not feel them;" and that, "It is not dog's fleas which make the cats cry out."

None of the ancient stories about dogs surpass one told by Bochart, who says that when he wrote a dog was living at Paris, which had watched for almost three years at the grave of his master in the cemetery of St. Innocent, and could not be persuaded to leave it. Once it was seized, and taken to another part of the city, but as soon as it got its liberty, it went back to the grave. This was in the year 1660, and during the winter the snow had been very deep, and the cold most intense. Bochart adds, that if any reader is anxious to know how such a dog lives, let him understand that the inhabitants, struck with the novelty of the thing, supply him abundantly with bread, which they send to the grave where he sits.

—The Queen.

*A Parrot Story.*

The remarks made by parrots, apparently with pertinence, are sometimes grotesque and astounding — as in the story told of a parrot who was present on board ship during very bad weather, when the sailors knelt on deck in a circle to pray for deliverance. The parrot watched their movements, no doubt, for he correctly remembered the circumstance. It is said the captain came up from the cabin, where he had been to examine the chart, while the men were at prayer, and cried aloud, "Leave off praying, you lubbers, and get to the pumps! we're nearing land!" On arriving in port, Polly was sold to a clergyman, and in due course was placed in the vicar's dining-room. The first morning after his arrival there, he saw the servants come into the room one after another, and kneel down to prayers with the family. Polly's memory instantly reverted to the scene on board ship, and he cried out with a loud voice, "Leave off praying, you lubbers, and get to the pumps! we're nearing land." A bombshell in falling amongst these devout persons could not have put them into a greater consternation than they were put by this irreverent exclamation.—*Animal World.*

*Seal Rocks.*

The seal rocks of San Francisco are well worth seeing. There is weird fascination in them — something so hideously uncanny in the swarm of crawling things that rear themselves about among the jagged fissures, and so utterly unlike any other known voice of animate or inanimate nature is the hoarse deep cry that goes up incessantly from all the million throats and predominates over the thunders of the ocean itself. Every rock, from the base of the peak, is alive with shapeless things in perpetual motion, tumbling over each other, twisting, rolling, fighting in a clumsy fashion with their uncouth flippers or plunging with marvellously smooth, graceful curves into boiling foam that breaks all around their rocky fortresses. Some are tawny brown or yellow, and these have had their coats dried by the sun after a few hours' basking on the rocks; but those who have just wriggled up out of the surf are dull slate-black, and look like animated bags of wet gutta-percha. All ages and sizes are represented, from the monarch of the colony, a gray old giant who might weigh some three thousand pounds, down to the babies who are just learning to wriggle and leap after the fashion of their mammas, and add their infant notes to the general chorus. The sight is wonderfully interesting to the uninitiated.

*Stable Friends.*

The following case of animal intelligence has been communicated by Professor Schutzenberger of Strasburg to the *Revue d'Anthropologie*: A gentleman owning a kitchen garden remarked that a basket which held a quantity of fresh carrots got quickly emptied. He spoke of the gardener, who said that he could not understand it, but would watch for the thief. A quarter of an hour had not elapsed when a dog was seen to go to the basket, take out a carrot, and carry it to the stable. Dogs do not eat raw carrots, so further watch was necessary. The observers now found that the dog had business with a horse, his night companion; with wagging tail he offered the latter the fruit of his larceny, and the horse naturally made no difficulty about accepting it. The gardener seized a stick, and was about to avenge this act of too complacent good fellowship; but his master stopped him, in order to watch further. The scene was repeated until all the carrots had disappeared. The dog had long made a favorite of this horse. There were two in the stable, but the other received not a carrot.

*Birds for Bonnets.*

A subscriber writes: "About two years ago my housekeeper put a wing on each of my two grand-daughters' bonnets. The bonnets were worn one summer. To me this was not pleasant; but I endured it quietly. When, however, more

birds were wanted, I told my grand-daughters that some birds had to give up their happy lives to gratify the taste for such ornaments, and I thought it was not right. Upon consideration they readily acquiesced in my view, as it seemed to them too barbarous a thing for Christians to do."

*A Good Example.*

One lady has sent us this month more than one hundred and twenty subscribers of "O. D. A." She has our profound thanks.

Several good friends have paid for copies to be sent to others, far and wide, in 1881, believing in this agency for awakening attention, and keeping it awake.

*Cases Investigated by Office Agents in December.*

Whole number of complaints received, 138; viz., Beating, 3; overworking and overloading, 13; overdriving, 1; driving when lame or galled, 31; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 18; torturing, 4; driving when diseased, 5; general cruelty, 68. Remedied without prosecution, 60; warned, 40; not substantiated, 24; not found, 5; anonymous, 3; prosecuted, 6; convicted, 5. Animals taken from work, 16; killed, 26.

*By Country Agents Fourth Quarter, 1880.*

Whole number of complaints, 493; viz., Beating, 55; overloading, 45; overdriving, 37; working when lame or galled, 120; working when diseased, 45; not providing food or shelter, 79; torturing, 6; abandoning, 9; general cruelty, 97.

Not substantiated, 9; remedied without prosecution, 467; prosecuted, 17; convicted, 7; animals taken from work, 53; killed, 60.

*Receipts by the Society in December.**FINES.*

*From Justices' Court* — Easthampton, \$10.  
*District Court* — Eastern Middlesex, \$15.00.  
Witness fees, \$6.50.

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*OTHER SUMS.*

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